

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

BABY MINE.

Words by CHAS. MACKEY. Music by ARCHIBALD JOHNSON.

I've a letter from thy sire, baby mine, baby mine,
I could read and never tire, baby mine, baby mine,
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to me, baby mine, baby mine,
He is coming back to me, baby mine.

Oh, I long to see his face, baby mine, baby mine,
In his old accustomed place, baby mine, baby mine,
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room, baby mine, baby mine,
Like the sunshine in the room, baby mine.

I'm so glad I cannot sleep, baby mine, baby mine,
I'm so happy I could weep, baby mine, baby mine;
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to thee, baby mine, baby mine,
He is coming back to thee, baby mine.

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